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THE TOCSIN.

By

John E. Sleeper.

"CITIZENS! THERE IS NOT A MOMENT TO BE LOST! . . . TO ARMS! CITIZENS, TO ARMS! . . . . THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER."

—Camille Desmoulins, July 14, 1798.

NEW YORK.

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DEDICATED

TO THE

WORTHY PRESIDENTS

OF THE

SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC

AND THE

ORANGE FREE STATE;

AND TO

THE BRAVE AND FAITHFUL MEN

WHOSE NOBLE FATHERS FOUHHT FOR THE RIGHTS OF MAN IN CAPE COLONY, IN 1815, AND WHO HAVE CONSISTENTLY DEFENDED THOSE JUST RIGHTS, EVER SINCE THAT MEMORABLE UPRISING.

"'T is a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabin'd slave,
Where thoughts and tongues and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel save when to heaven they pray,
Not even then unless in thier own way"

—Halleck.

Preface.

It is 1388 and the scene is Glaris; Glaris with its wealth of gloomy ravine and snowy alpine height, the vast rock-fortress reared by Nature on Helvetian soil. To the frontiers rush its shepherd-people, few in numbers poorly attired, aided only by the men of Schwyz; but many and mighty in their naked selves because animated by a quenchless love of Liberty and supported by the invisible but potent aid given by resistless Truth unto a righteous cause. An Austrian army has gathered there; twenty to one, its panoplied array confronts those peasant-heroes,—meeting haughtily their mild plea for peace with conditions so debasing and so harsh that no free man's spirit could bend without breaking beneath their pitiless weight. Does the oppressor menacing life and land and liberty without a shadow of justice to authorize his actions, prosper? No! At the foot of lofty, snow-clad Ruti, his army is shattered—its flower lies slain; and the schemes of heartless ambition are forever destroyed.

It is 1899, and to the north and west of rugged Natal gather the nuclei of future mighty armies. Tyranny and Greed have marshalled the mercenaries of one of the world's richest and most puissant sovereigns, to hurl them, with the miseries and horrors of war, upon a simple, unoffending, pastoral people who, lying in the path of British empire and inhabiting regions perhaps second to none in mineral treasure, have awakened some of the vilest and most dangerous of the passions dominating human actions.

Strong in their love of liberty, though weak in embattled numbers; these devoted people, freemen of the South African Republic,—allied only with their Free State brethren,—haste to front Oppression's frown within its usurped realms; and there oppose their patriot breasts to bar the threatened ruin to their toil-won Fatherland:

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Has History reverted?—Are we living in the shadow of a veritably impending Twentieth Century?—Have five hundred years rolled by, and a so-called era of progress still permits as shocking an exhibition of unbridled arrogance, of subversive tyranny, of insuperable injustice; as the barbarous

"ignorance" of the decried Middle Ages ever beheld with callous or indifferent apathy? Are we morally, as well as industrially, advancing? It is doubtful—very doubtful. The self-same soothing or tumultuous passions rule the minds of modern men as those that swayed the Egyptian, the Assyrian, nay primeval races; for better or for worse, by their impulsive or capricious dictates. True, universal, Education can alone instruct us how to control these, and felicitously direct their proper application.

But, unfortunately, we are not rightly educated; nor does any immediate or early prospect of our being so, flatter us with promise.

Reflect upon the almost World-wide system that vitiatingly prevails! We ARE taught to reverence what should long ago have become an obsolete mythology, abounding—as it does—with preposterous marvels, pernicious superstition, and vulgar and revolting incidents, that disgust and repel intelligent searchers after Truth, in despite of a leavening of exalted moral axiom; we are daily instigated by unchecked desires or by more seductive example, to stifle much of the regard we should feel towards our fellow man—to mulct him by the shrewd and sanctioned trickery of trade; to deceive him by disingenuous representations; and to remove him by falsehood, conspiracy, or even force, from an advantageous position he may occupy, that we or ours may become installed into it in his stead;—and all this for the acquirement of Fame—Position—WEALTH! mirrored to our credulous vision as the chief aims and ends of earthly effort.

We are NOT taught implicit obedience to those inflexible mandates of Nature entitled the laws of health, in default of which there can exist neither sound physical, nor perfect mental, organization; we are not monitored into conscientious consideration for the rights and well-being of our fellow men, no matter what their religion, race, or rank, without which and the judicious display of self-sacrifice on occasion, there can be no real or lasting happiness; and justice, charity, and honesty cease to be. Far from it, we are urged to lose all sight of these vital requisites in the mad strife for that, which when realized, is but as the gathered manchineel in its tempting outer attractiveness and real inner deadliness and disappointing worthlessness.

As with individuals, so with society to a greater or less extent. Individuals form and modify society, society forms and modifies those who

constitute it, proportionally to the aggregate intelligence and enlightenment it possesses and the receptiveness of each member. But, starting with a fundamentally erroneous education, society, while it may mitigate vices or errors if its trend is progressive; cannot be expected to wholly eradicate them until its own primal defect, that of the INDIVIDUAL, is corrected; and if its tendency is not exalted in its nature, it may be looked to as the source of much world-wide harm.

As with society, so with governments; similar imperfections, due to the same cause, deteriorate them; we view, therefore, the latter multiplying on a large scale the evil qualities of the individual. What a repulsive presentation does even our own government afford! A large number of agents, called diplomats, are employed, whose coveted office, for which they are carefully trained, is to systematically misrepresent, chicane, and delude in all possible ways;—a hireling body, the army, is maintained in a condition akin to serfdom, and is drilled into unreasoning obedience of all orders, and to yield up life or health in any cause, however puerile or however wrong, often warring on the poorer classes in support of the unprincipled and unfeeling rich;—and a vast tribe flourishes among us and grasps ceaselessly at the high places, creatures whose houses of glass Roscommon and Swift marked deeply, long ago, with their diamond wit; the lawyers, who, disgracing the semi-civilization of which they are the illegitimate offspring, sink all concern for honesty and justice in the selfish realization of their ambitious political aims, the narrow instincts of financial emolument, or the scarcely less demoralizing promotion of a ruinous extreme of commercial prosperity, certain to prove ultimately fatal to their country.

This is the true reason for the possibility of the perpetration of such an infamy as that of the South African War just begun; not so much is it traceable to faults inherent in any particular system of government, as to defects in the individuals composing them all,—defects arising from the MAL-EDUCATION OF THE MAN.

Why then, the reader may enquire; write this work, if mankind, for the reason you have just advanced, is incapable owing to its mental blindness, of sympathizing with your object—nay, perhaps of even rightly comprehending what that object is? To this I reply: that in every

land where the rudiments of education exist, some men may be found who can and will understand, and can and will exalt a worthy purpose, aye! even at the risk of martyrdom, when once the potent impulse is given to their dormant thought. Their numbers may be few, but their efforts unceasing: their teachings—their EXAMPLE—far extending and convincing.

They will prove that the Boer of South Africa has been most shamefully maligned; most unjustifiably persecuted; and that he is waging today, a glorious battle; not, because of this, for himself alone; *but also for the downtrodden of the world against the Titanic forces of Wealth and Oppression*,

This is the why and the wherefore of this poem and its annotations; may its seed, scattered broadcast, chance to light upon, and germinate in, some such congenial soil.

OCT. 30TH, 1899.

The Tocsin.

The Call.

Over mountain and veldt the tocsin is ringing,
From village and farm its war-notes are bringing
The greybeard and stripling, with eager steps springing,
To dare and to die for their dear native land!

Afar to the winds its vibrant tongue swinging,
This soul-stirring call—this alarum—is winging:
"Rise! burghers rise! the yoke from you flinging
Twice fastened upon you by Tyranny's hand.

Rise! burghers rise! the strife is beginning;
Loosen the fond arms about your necks clinging;
Haste to the front, your battle hymn singing,
For HOME and for LIBERTY take your last stand!"

Narrative.

Hark! what is that sound breaking loud on my ear?
Portentous with terror and horror and shame.
Ah! what are yon forms that all warlike appear,
Engarbed in gay colors aglow like a flame?

'Tis the rumble and jar of the engines of War
In the land of the heath and the kameel-dorn tree;
'Tis the trample of feet where feet ne'er trod before
Save the swift karossed Kaffir's, once curbless and free.

Lo! the sons of the "first of all civilized lands,"
Hasten on to efface with Ruin's dread flame
At a "peace-loving" queen's most "christian" commands
From South Africa's soil *all Republican name.*

Bedecked with the trappings of barbaric pride—
Aflush with the prestige of past glories won—
They clamor to meet with a foe they deride,
And hurry to death by false visions led on.

For the day-dreams of riches that glamor their sight;
And the witch-rays of Glory endazzling their path;
As, soulless and thoughtless, they rush to the fight,
On a foeman of mettle to shower their wrath,

Shall evanish away from the red-coated slaves
Like the brief after-gleamings that dart from the sun—
Like the wake of the vessel enwhitening the waves—
And Despair overmantle the task they've begun.

And for what? For what crime are these English wolves told
To anguish the innocent—slaughter the brave—
To harry and ravage the farm and the fold—
And cast Youth and Age to the maw of the grave?

For the crime that has perilled, in all ages past,
All tribes and all nations both little and great;
The reputed possession of treasure more vast
Than his who coveted the Parthian State.

But think not that alone the rich 'Watersrand
Has sighted the cannon and sharpened the steel
And freighted the transports to Africa's strand—
British ears by mere gold are not closed to appeal.

But by causes as potent; the hatred of race!
The greed for dominion! the lust of Ambition!
Three vices that millions of mankind disgrace,
And demean and o'erthrow whate'er their condition.

The States of South Afric' have dared to defy
A monarchy's might few of yore have withstood;
Which, abhorring republics, their rights would deny
To govern themselves as a free people should!

* * * * * * * * * * *

To the narrative listen, that I shall relate;
Of Albion's actions of conscienceless wrong,
Which sternly precluding defence or debate
Voice the tyranny shown to the *weak* by the *strong*.

Five score and five years ago, the Dutch at Cape Town;
A few thousand farmers spread 'round Table Bay;
Renounced the weak prince who had weighted them down
With the despotic might that such rulers display.

A spark from the beacon that lighted up France,
And the tinsel of royalty scorched as it blazed,
Wafted o'er to the Cape; from a long-lasting trance
Its people awakening, free standards upraised.

They formed a republic—Ah! brief it endured;
For Orange appealed to the all-grasping isle,
And speedily ample assistance secured;
For aid is oft speedy when made worth the while.

The isle that has reached out afar o'er the sea,
And seized on the fairest of Earth as her spoil,
To root, branch, and re-root, like the huge banian tree,
With avidity caught at this fresh fertile soil.

And how did she rule the land she thus seized?
With kind and considerate care for its weal?
Until the fresh wounds of its people appeased
Soothed by Love's magic balm seemed beginning to heal?

As it fared with the youth's whose ailments came under
The hand and the herbs of Cathay's learn'd princess—
And the parts that the sword had stricken asunder
Joined smoothly together with Orilloan quickness?

Oh no! With a high and a rigorous hand
She restricted the price of the selling of grain;
Made English compulsory o'er the vexed land;
And police formed of *Hottentots* made it maintain!

Placed ignorant blacks, of degenerate mind,
In positions conferring much absolute power,
And decreed such harsh laws protecting their kind
As to stir up the Boers, whom they hoped they would cower

In Eighteen-sixteen a rebellion was quelled,
And five of the ringleaders cruelly hung;
While their wives and their friends were harshly compelled
To view the torments their last agonies wrung.

To the farm of Van Aadt were these martyrs conveyed;
Like the gifted Gironde at the scaffold they sang;
With cannon and muskets the red-coats, arrayed,
Awed the citizens back till the last cruel pang

Had ended the lives of those whose sole crime
Was attempt from the shackles of Power to fly—
Four ropes failed in strength at the critical time,
And four rose unharmed of those swung off to die!

Aye! WOMEN and CHILDREN by soldiers were forced
Two hangings of husbands and fathers to see!
While tears down the cheeks of the multitude coursed
As they clamored the GUILTLESS OF BLOOD should be free

Invocative.

Oh ! friends of the men
That at SLAUGHTER'S NEK died,
Come—haste to the vengeance
That war will provide !

Let thoughts of the butchery
Base Somerset caused,
And followed with exile
Ere Cruelty paused ;

Enstrengthen each arm
To stoutly oppose
In battle's ordeal
Such merciless foes !

On ! then, to victory
Forward in the Right !
Striving and suffering
'Till won is the fight.

Narrative.

Next, England, with reason, enfranchised the slave ;
But , did Justice preside with benificent sway ?
No ! Scarcely THREE-FIFTHS OF HIS VALUE she gave
In bonds good at London ; THREE MONTHS VOYAGE AWAY !

Shrewd men "aided" those whom necessity drove
To dispose of these bonds for a pittance in hand,
So farmers were ruined that yesterday throve
And a medley of vagrants ran wild o'er the land.

'Twas the finishing stroke of injustice and wrong
That roused up a hardy and resolute race;
They turned from their country, usurped by the strong,
And sought in the wilds a new dwelling-place.

They disposed of their farms for whate'er they would bring;
They sold out their stores for a trifle at best;
Packed their rude, clumsy, carts with most everything
They could save from the wreck—and set out on their quest

Of new homes in a land that is now Natal called
But then was a wilderness, unknown, and a part
Of the kingdom of Dingan; a despot installed
By the murder of Chaka "the cruel of heart;"

On the Kaffirland throne. One who viewed with distrust
The spread of those Boers o'er his royal domain,
Who, in Retief's leadership placing their trust,
Proclaimed that they purposed in peace to remain.

The malice of England, who could not prevent
The vast emigration, was bitterly shown
In annoying the helpless who could not resent
Tyrannical burdens full swift on them thrown.

The powder and guns of the first Boer bands
Were seized by the pitiless Governor's orders;
So these pioneers perished by enemies hands—
Or by famine—far over Cape Colony's borders.

But the flow of the Exodus rolled grandly on,
And stretched out afar o'er the promising plains
That lay 'twixt the Vaal and the fair Caledon,
Ere the fords were impeded by torrential rains.

Then upon the poor exiles a fierce dusky band,
Befeathered—bepainted—and naked for war;
The flower of Zululand's grim monarch's command,
Leaped, demon-like, yelling. Ah! then all seemed o'er!

For the warriors were many, the Boers were few,
And worn with the hunger and toil of the way,
But they laagered and swiftly the death-fire flew
From the slopes of Vecht Kop where their forlorn hope lay.

Like the flesh-searing rain of the Dantean hell;
From a brown sea of forms dark as Trinidad's lake
Flame-feathered with fire the assegai fell—
Like the dash of the gnu adown Keisi's dim brake

Was the charge of that host on the wagons and trees
Whence the old flintlock muskets incessantly spoke
As each rush of the regiments onward to seize
The white strangers fortress, they baffled and broke.

Thus the army Moselekatze chose from his nation
In a brief hour shrank like the cereus' bloom
And the glare of the flames from the Boers burning station
Illumed heapings of slain that the jackals entomb.

Then Grahamstown lighted huge fires, o'erjoyed
At the rumors that spread o'er the land like the smoke,
Believing the Boers they so hated, destroyed
In the flames of a camp whence no fugitives broke.

Next, a treaty concluded with Dingan, the king,
Gave the Trekkers possession of large tracts of land;
But that crafty Zulu was secretly seeking
To delude and destroy their poorly armed band.

Opportunity came, (as the wily one thought),
And four score of Boers with brave RETIEF fell,
At the close of a feast in an African fort—
A tragical ending but few lived to tell!

Then down on the camp of the helpless ones nigh
Swept a terrible torrent of merciless men,
And soon to the heavens rose piercing and high,
Screams of torment and death from that dread slaughter-pen.

There six hundred women and children were pent
Under guard of the few, of the very few, men
Who remained when the ill-fated RETIEF went
On the mission from which he came never again.

These gazed on the thousands of weird painted forms
And knew that their hour of parting drew near;
Yet the men showed that valor the desperate warms,
And women fought with them, courageous from fear.

The children, all thoughtless, with infantile glee
Fresh powder and water to doomed parents bore
While the Parcæan blade was sund'ring the wee
And scarce-woven threads of lives nearly o'er.

Hast'ning hither and thither, with dishevelled hair,
The women extinguished the flames that upsprung,
While shot after shot rang out on the air
'Till their powder all spent—their knell it was rung!

Then down on their knees, on the blood-sprinkled sod,
Fell part of the pious and up from the dying
All solemn and sad rosd a hymn to their God
While a few yet the host of the foe stood defying.

Overhead swarmed the tigers, ere, raging, they sprung;
Below huddled, helpless, their feminine prey;
While flames from the camp long crimson'd darts flung
T'wards the gay garish light of the calm, mocking, day.

For a moment that host at the summit appeared
Like the white, feathered crest of some dark, rolling, wave,
Impending on high a dread volume upreared,
To descend with an impact no power could stave.

Then down from the wagons and branches there poured,
Afire with fury and hatred and lust!
A wild-yelling, glorying, evil-eyed horde.
Vain rose that last pray'r to Him christians trust!

For the war-axes crushed the frail skull of the child
Tossed high on the barbs of the transfixing spear,
Ere they fell on the parent, distracted and wild
At the throes of her infant, so cherished, so dear.

For the assegai rent the soft breasts of the maid
Yet shrieking from usage more dreadful than death—
Yet pleading for mercy; dismembered and flayed;
With the last labored gasp of her agonized breath.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

When the fiend-work was done and the death-heaps were strewing
Where the living moved hopefully round at the morn;
As the Northern-land lemmings ran onward to ruin
The homes and the harvest till Norge seemed lorn,

The warriors of Kosa and Xosa and Ponda
Afar o'er the farms and the settlements spread,

Resolved not a Boer should survive to wander
Where the thousands of late were by RETIEF led.

But there echoed afar a stern rallying cry;
To PRETORIUS' banner sped five hundred Boers,
Prepared on a lost field of battle to lie,
Or rejoice in the blessings a triumph procures!

And onward they marched through the wild, rugged, land
Till the impis of Dingan burst fierce on their sight;
Twelve thousand, or more, the broad war-shields expand,
And the spear and the bullet commingle in fight!

Thrice set had the sun on that sad scene of strife,
And the javelin still whirred o'er the soil-soaking slain;
Still Christian and Kaffir fought madly for life;
Death biding for either who yielded that plain!

Oh! vast was the power and wide spread the sway
At morning, of Dingan, the "Elephant King,"
But, blasted and blighted, they withered away
Ere Night, intervening, her baton could fling.

For the ranks of his Zingans by carnage waxed thin—
Fell like river-reeds, sink at the sweep of the scythe;
And the field, as if scathed by the breath of the Jinn,
Lay blackened with dead, and with dying awrithe.

Invocative.

Oh! sons of the Trekkers!
Say! Can you forget?
The sorrowful story
Whose memory yet

Enrages the just souls
  Who picture the woe
Of those whom the British
  Forced naked to go

To the barbarous wilds,
  With those they held dear
To perish by famine
  Or fall by the spear!

Remember those heroes
  Preferring to die
To living in serfdom—
  Arm! England defy!

Narrative.

Sweet Peace, for a time, with encouraging smile,
  Spread her pinions, dove-like, o'er the blood-sprinkled ground
And from farm and from mill for many a mile,
  With heart-cheering cadence, came Industry's sound.

Ah! but for a while! Britain hungered anew;
  Natalia, now thriving, lay temptingly near;
So she burst the frail barrier Principle drew—
  "For South Africa's peace," proclaimed Napier!

Said Pretoria, then chief of the African State,
  "The might of Great Britain will surely prevail,
But the wrong she'd inflict we'll not tolerate,
  And we'll battle for Right till our resources fail!

Oh! would there were many such excellent men
  Of principles lofty; of courage as high;

As Koefed who cast from Bornholin its burden,
As D' Elbee who dared for La Vendee to die,

As Marvell submitting to Poverty's gripe
When defection invited a shower of gold;
As this large-hearted Boer and those of his type—
Incorruptible! stanuch! and—rare to behold!

All hail to such minds! whence our slow-gaining world
Draws the little of Liberty leavening its gloom;
They shall live; though their harboring caskets be hurled,
Amid wrath or contempt, to Obscurity's tomb.

The Boers under Prinsloo, though cannonless, met
The British where flows the Congella's scant tide
And they strove for their homes with a valor that set
The red-coats at naught and dashed them aside!

But the English incited the Kaffirs to arm,
And the warriors rushed eagerly forth to the fray;
The shriek and the flame-burst rose high from the farm,
And—the Boers succumbed! such horrors to stay.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Again they relinquish the soil they have tilled;
Again their rich farms to the raider they leave;
And lo! the trek-wagons, with movables filled,
A rough-jolting way through the Drakensberg weave

To the north of the Vaal, where four new States had birth
Whom Britain was graciously pleased to assure
Might make their own laws and till their own soil
And she no more new lands would seize, or secure!

With the passage of Time, how this promise endured !
The FREE STATE was annexed—then in five years resigned
To its rightful possessors, because, (we're assured),
Of its cost to protect and its TROUBLE to mind

All along; like the strong, sucker-branched, Devil Tree,
That twisting and trailing searched Manoa's ground—
Whose blood-nourished tentacles let little break free
When once the dread coils enveloped it 'round—

Was England o'er seeking, subduing and seizing
The lands and the peoples of Africa's clime ;
Protesting, while these of their all she was easing,
Against Boer conquest—THAT, she branded as crime.

Then gems were found lurking in Orange State soil,
Their lustre the Landgrasper could not resist—
So the diamonds of Kimberley formed a rich spoil
For those no remonstrance could cause to desist.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Though Great Britain had vowed she would not extend
Her sway over more of the Southern land,
Yet in 'Seventy-seven that failed to defend
The "TRANSVAAL" from seizure ; dark, sly, underhand !

It was "deeply in debt" and "menaced by foes,"
Aroused by a railroad laid t'wards Delagoa ;
And Sekkocoeni's and Cetewayo's
Great armies conduced its courage to lower.

Then Shepstone—as "friend" and "adviser"—appeared ;
And remained as usurper, ignoring each right

Of the State he annexed as soon as there neared
Its fortressless borders some forces of might!

Oppression and Wrong for three years wrought their harm,
Till a Boer was maltreated within Potchefstroom,
When far o'er the land pealed the tocsin's alarm;
Forebodant of British sovereignty's doom.

For the people arose and strove with a will
And battles were fought which added the names
Of Bronkhurst, Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill
To the fair fields of Glory that Liberty claims.

For the arrogant British were forced to retreat
When Freedom unfurled her banner of Right;
And—instead of poor tribesmen foredoomed to defeat—
They met whites of a nation as valiant in fight!

Invocative.

Oh! Men of Majuba!
Remember of yore,
How the Briton's proud flag
From our mountain you tore!

Where Smit won in the day
More than Wayne gained at night,
In a struggle that dwarfed
That "*Stony Point*" hight;

What the sires accomplished,
The sons may repeat;
The soldiers of Freedom
Need fear no defeat!

Form ! herdsmen and farmers !
With rifles in hand,
And rally round JOUBERT
A resolute band !

Narrative.

So Gladstone conceded the rights of the Boers,
Reserving alone, to Great Britain, the option
The privilege of fathering treaties ensures :
To prevent their conclusion or speed their adoption.

Thus far all seemed well. But who could expect
A nation like Britain, to hold to her word,
When the course of events should severely affect
The results to her progress its keeping incurred ?

In the 'Vaal were discovered rich veinings of GOLD ;
A loadstone as potent to lure and destroy,
As the Lead Horseman's spell o'er his Black Mountain hold
Ere the arrows of Agib o'erthrew the decoy,

A medley of miners swarmed into the State—
Adventurers seeking their fortunes to found—
Confusion intruded where Peace reigned of late,
For the most cared for naught but *the gold in the ground !*

Yet 't was claimed for these men ; who cultured no soil—
Who rendered no service the State might expect—
They should burghers become ; be less taxed for their toil ;
And bow the true Boers to the choice they elect !

A creature the Rothchilds had trained in their thrall.
From the Cape to Suez had projected a way,

Had surveyed for his road a course through the 'Vaal,
And designed that the Boers should acknowledge the sway

Not of England so much, as *his own Company's.*
This man, (Cecil Rhodes), instigated a raid;
In the hey-dey of peace, under most specious pleas,
By the tools he procured it was bunglingly made.

The burghers were watchful, and at DOORNKOP a net
Enmeshed all these brigands and balked their design.
Encircled most skillfully, those whom CRONJE beset
After weak and brief battling were forced to resign.

Success makes the hero—and Cecil had failed!
The home rulers, at once, all countenance withdrew;
Protesting that "England" had not then assailed
The Republic HER SOLDIERS had strove to undo!

The prisoners then taken were quickly set free;
And—though red-handed traitors caught armed, in the act—
Were but banished or fined, through the Boers' clemency,
When they might have been hanged—as a matter of fact.

When they would have been hanged, had the case been reversed
And they had been BOERS caught Colony raiding;
For England has ever, with rigor accursed,
Made "example" of "rebels" her domains invading.

In Great Britain, to power, a parvenu rose;
Awak'ning surprise by his wondrous expansion;
Like the low-born Rafflesia, Sumatran wood grows,
In whose huge flower Foulness takes up her mansion;

Repelling, with loathing, the curious seeking
The vicinage of its rank, inutile, bloom;

Thus presenting, in truth, a likeness most speaking
Of this self-engrossed, ill-savored, human mushroom!

This schemer for station, (Joe Chamberlain named)
Sought the dark, narrow, paths whereon diplomats crawl:
Destroyed the good work for which GLADSTONE was famed,
And trailed—Helix-like—a foul slime over all.

Like the wayfarer, housed by the Satyr of old,
(As 'tis pithily told in Esopian lore),
Who with the same breath blew first hot and then cold;
He contradicted, at times, what he'd uttered before.

He countenanced the schemes Rhodes' roguery hatched,
And Milner of Cape Town's sly intrigue contrived;
Till 'twere hard to discover three such rascals so matched,
And their schemes of iniquity broadened and thrived!

The calm had subvened that tempests oft follow—
The franchise, late craved for, the Boers concede,
During parleys for peace on England's part hollow—
Ah! now no concessions could satisfy Greed!

Nor mere arbitration receive the approval
Of Chamberlain's faction, whose ambitious crew
Is barlessly bent on remorseless removal
Of those deemed by them *a suppressible few*.

Some troops were dispatched and straight took their station
In Natal quite close to the boundary line;
In positions that menaced each gallant Boer nation;
THUS firing the train that was laid to the mine!

To KRUGER and STEIN, of the TRANSVAAL and FREE STATE,
Harsh alternatives offered: subjection, or—war!

For years they'd foreshadowed this ultimate fate,
And prepared to resist it most timely before.

Then cried out these brave ones: "Well, let it be WAR!"
They hurl down the gauntlet with resolute hand,
At once into Natal their armies inpour;
To visit the strife on their enemy's land!

All honor to KRUGER! All honor to STEIN!
Undaunted by numbers—when many would yield—
May their ardor for LIBERTY never decline,
And their banners in battle float o'er the won field!

Invocative.

Brave TRANSVAAL defenders!
Whose forefathers left
The farm-lands of Natal
That robbers had reft!

A THIRD TIME behold them;
(The conscienceless thieves!)
All sateless, they come,
With the plea that deceives.

Four horrors confront ye,
Proclaimed in a breath—
The desert; subjection;
Or battle; or death!

Strive then for LIBERTY;
Strike for your home!
Until your last foeman
Your arms overcome!

Vaticination.

The hurricane gathers! It darkens the sky!
Say! whose are the forms that before it shall fly?
Thine! Thine! oh false England! the maltreated Boer,
Antæus-like risen, hath ceased to endure!

Thou hast cast the bared sword in the fair-weighted scale
And—like Brennus the Gaul's—thy endeavors shall fail.
Oh! dread be the reck'ning; complete, thy disgrace,
When thy armies meet foemen incensed by menace.

Thy treasure, oh Britain! shall slip from thy hand;
As Falkenstein's Count's ran changed into sand—
Thy chiefs be disheartened—thy people distraught—
And thy realm to the verge of insolvency brought.

Thy land shall be rent by political strife;
Dark robings of sorrow garb mother and wife,
For the lost that leave bleaching on mountain and veldt
White fragments of bone where their life stream erst welled;

And Chamberlain's raiders shall long rue the day
That their cohorts abetted a demagogue's sway;
When he and his creatures of ambitious lust
Are, with Britain's false pride, down-hurled in the dust.

For when England reflects on the warfare of shame
She hath waged with a people quite guiltless of blame;
Self-reproaches will follow and JUSTICE arraign
The evil Arch Plotter, her curse and her bane—
CHAMBERLAIN!

Notes.

Page 1. Caption.

THE TOCSIN.

Tocsin is derived from the Old French : "toquier," (to touch or strike), and "seint," (a bell.) WEBSTER'S Dictionary, 1899. "An alarm bell or the ringing of it for purposes of alarm." NUTTALL, "Standard Dictionary." The use of the Tocsin during the French Revolution to assemble the multitudes, has rendered the word almost proverbial: ZELL, "Pop. Encyclopedia," iv. 2364. Today, when the liberties of the entire world—such as they are—are jeopardized by one of the most causeless and flagrant invasions of human rights ever beheld : never was there greater occasion to sound in significant tones a wide-spread warning to all the people of the so-called civilized nations of the earth, arraying them as an united whole in the repression of injustice, perfidy and wrong. To that end have I entitled this poem "THE TOCSIN," described in its stanzas, with truthful exactness, the unmerited sufferings of the persecuted BOER REPUBLICS under the execrable policy pursued towards them, NOT by the misinformed ENGLISH PEOPLE but by the Government of the latter, directed by Joseph Chamberlain and the like ; and now send it forth to summon : as with the voice of the veritable Bell : every freeman of every clime to the aid of the oppressed, and the discomfiture of the designs of heartless and grasping tyranny.

Pg. 1. Line 11.

"YOUR BATTLE HYMN SINGING."

The simple but stirring verses of the Transvaal "Volkslied," of which the first lines have been thus rendered into our tongue :

"Right nobly gave, voortrekkers brave.
Their blood, their lives, their all ;
For Freedom's right, in Death's despite,
They fought at duty's call.
Ho ! burghers, high our banner waves,
The standard of the Free !
No foreign yoke our land enslaves ;
Here reigneth Liberty !
'Tis Heaven's command that we should stand
And aye defend the volk and land."

And eloquently does past history testify how gallantly the Boers have obeyed the high behest.

Pg. 1. Line 18.

"THE KAMEEL-DORN TREE."

This tree, (Acacia giraffæ), so called because the giraffe : known to the Dutch by the name of "kameel :" browses on its tender foliage, is a very conspicuous feature of South African scenery. Requiring, as it does, but very little water it abounds on sandy plains ; greatly relieving surface which, but for its rapid growth, fair statue and plenteous leafage, would present a comparatively barren aspect. Thick, strong, brown thorns render it formidable.

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"KAROSSED KAFFIR."

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Since the advent of the Caucasian, the far less graceful Blanket has superceded the kaross among many of the tribes contiguous to the settlements.

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Torture was employed to extort a confession from these unfortunates, of a rather improbable plot to seize the castle; a circumstance further incensing the populace when the news reached England—although that horrible practice was not abolished in the latter country until 1709, and the dreadful "peine forte et dure" was actually resorted to in 1740.

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> When he's abus'd and baffled by a Boor:
> With an ill Grace the Dutch their Mischiefs do,
> They've both Ill-nature and Ill-manners too.
> Well may they, boast themselves an ancient Nation,
> For they were bred ere Manners were in Fashion:
> And their new Common-wealth has set 'em free,
> Only from Honour and Civility."

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> "As Cato did his Africk Fruits display,
> So we before your Eyes their Indies lay."

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"Five score and five years ago, the Dutch at Cape Town."

No permanent settlement at the Cape was effected by the fleet sent there by Holland in 1620; nor by the English who endeavored to defeat the object of their voyage by taking possession of the country in the name of James the First, a little prior to their arrival. This never received official recognition. A few British convicts had been placed on Robben Island in the bay in 1614; but were soon killed or driven away. Though neglect to lastingly occupy a country does not necessarily nullify the claims of a Power to sovereignty over it, as ruled by Mc Mahon during the Delagoa Bay arbitration proceedings in 1872, when England was seeking to dispossess Portugal on the strength of certain deeds to which Capt. Owens, (while ostensibly surveying in the region, by Portuguese permission!), had induced natives to affix their marks; omission of legal claim justified VAN RIEBECK when, under the auspices of the Dutch India Company, on April 6, 1652, he founded the first mainland colony. In eight years thereafter, about 3 miles of land had been acquired—in a decade more, all the peninsula. And all by TREATY! "The purchase appears to have been quite as complete as that concluded between William Penn and the North Americans." MOODIE. In 1786 the Quaiquae, (the aborigines), had retired before the settlers as far as the Great Fish River, a change effected with very little of the shocking cruelty disgracing the colonization of New England by the English.

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Pg. 3. Line 9.

"Five score and five years ago, the Dutch at Cape Town."

No permanent settlement at the Cape was effected by the fleet sent there by Holland in 1620; nor by the English who endeavored to defeat the object of their voyage by taking possession of the country in the name of James the First, a little prior to their arrival. This never received official recognition. A few British convicts had been placed on Robben Island in the bay in 1614; but were soon killed or driven away. Though neglect to lastingly occupy a country does not necessarily nullify the claims of a Power to sovereignty over it, as ruled by Mc Mahon during the Delagoa Bay arbitration proceedings in 1872, when England was seeking to dispossess Portugal on the strength of certain deeds to which Capt. Owens, (while ostensibly surveying in the region, by Portuguese permission!), had induced natives to affix their marks: omission of legal claim justified Van Riebeck when, under the auspices of the Dutch India Company, on April 6. 1652, he founded the first mainland colony. In eight years thereafter, about 3 miles of land had been acquired—in a decade more, all the peninsula. And all by treaty! "The purchase appears to have been quite as complete as that concluded between William Penn and the North Americans." Moodie. In 1786 the Quaiquae, (the aborigines), had retired before the settlers as far as the Great Fish River, a change effected with very little of the shocking cruelty disgracing the colonization of New England by the English.

Pg. 3. Line 21.

"THEY FORMED A REPUBLIC."

I have taken all possible care to ascertain the truth or falsity of this oft-contested statement, with the result that it is satisfactorily verified. The Cape Dutch, long chafing under the ungenial rule of their government, rose in rebellion during 1794; defeated the troops: beleaguered the Governor in the castle, and proclaimed a republic. But an English fleet entered the harbor on June 10th, 1795, and, empowered only by the authority of the Prince of Orange, (at that time deposed by Pichegru and in impotent exile), landed soldiers under fire on Sept 16th., seizing the Country without even the prevalence of war to justify their disreputable procedure!

Though possession was taken in the name of ORANGE, yet two years after the Peace of Amiens we find the people released from their allegiance to—his BRITANNIC majesty!

Pg. 3. Line 17.

"A SPARK FROM THE BEACON THAT LIGHTED UP FRANCE," etc.

The great French Revolution; the outbreak of the long-suffering and despised proletariat against the insupportable despotism of the aristocracy and ecclesiastics; cyclonic in the brevity and destructiveness of its endurance: appalling in consideration of the deplorable sacrifice of human life attending its ineluctible progress: but inconceivably beneficent in its far-reaching upliftment of the masses and vindication of the RIGHTS OF MAN.

A similar revolution will inevitably take place in this country, when the so-called "common people" rendered more intelligent (by the seed sown broadcast over the land by Carnegie and such as he, in the form of public libraries to the ruin of their posterity; germinating and maturing), awaken to the realisation of the fact, now so little heeded: that the concern of one is the concern of ALL, and act in energetic and unselfish UNION.

Pg. 4. Lines 5 and 6.

"AS IT FARED WITH THE YOUTH'S, WHOSE AILMENTS* * * CATHAY'S LEARNED PRINCESS."

The amiable youth, Medoro; wounded while conveying the body of his dead patron from the battle-field, and succored at the point of death by the lovely Angelica of Cathay, (China).

"Soon as Angelica with sad survey
Beheld the youth, who pale and wounded lay, * * *
Then to her mind she call'd whate'er before,
In India taught, she knew of healing lore, * * *
Once in a lovely mead with searching view;
A plant she met whose virtues well she knew: * * *
This o'er his breast she sheds with sov'reign art,
And bathes with gentle touch the wounded part:
The wound such virtue from the juice derives
At once the blood is staunch'd, the youth revives."

ARIOSTO. ("Orlando Furioso." Hoole's tr. 1799, bk. xix, pg. 365 et seq.)

Pg. 4. Line 8.

"WITH ORILOAN QUICKNESS."

Orilo, (Hoole), or Orrilo, (Rose—Huggins), was the giant robber with whom many a champion

fought in vain ; a magic hair amid his flowing locks gifting him with necromantic power to heal his wounds and reunite each severed part.

" With backward stroke he cuts him now in twain,
And with his members piecemeal strews the plain,
As oft Orilo bids the part unite,
And wondrous stands with new recovered might. "

ARIOSTO, (loc. cit. bk. xv, pg. 198).

Pg. 4, Line 9.

" OH NO ! WITH A HIGH AND A RIGOROUS HAND, "

Many surgeons resort to the knife when far less drastic measures would succeed as well,—in numerous cases, better. The same may be said of Governments as regards their treatment of the vanquished ; they lack as yet sufficient knowledge to enable them to exhibit that forbearance, that kindness, that healing tact amid an unwavering firmness, which soothes the inflamed and cankering wounds of the newly conquered, and would ultimately cure by virtue of the LOVE and POWER exhaled by them, tempered by JUSTICE.

Heavily closed the hand of England on the Cape Boers during those thirty wearing, hopeless, years between 1806 and 1836 ! Nearly all the olden rights and customs were swept away with inconsiderate abruptness and injudicious rigor. What Russia is attempting in Poland ; what Germany is striving to accomplish in Alsace-Lorraine ; TODAY—England endeavored to do, THEN. The homes of the settlers were subjected to a hateful system of incessant espionage ; over-zealous and meddling missionaries entertained and reported to the Cape, or the Home Government the merest rumors of cruelty to the native slaves ; so that, in 1811—12, there were not five families resident on or near the frontier, but had seen one or more of their members arrested and imprisoned on charges that could not be proved in the courts ! Life and property were equally unsafe from the sudden inroads made by Kaffir hordes, whom the " humanitarian " authorities protected, during which dwellings were attacked, men massacred, women outraged agonizingly tortured or driven naked into the wilderness, and what were erstwhile peaceful, happy, and thriving homes, reduced to silence, desolation and ashes. New lands were granted to the savages and harsher laws enforced for the defense (!) of these proteges of a misguided Ministry !

Severer grew the laws—more irksome the innovations. Titles to farms were unjustly withheld for years; farmers were prevented from marketing their grain at more than 18d. per bag, lest English firms might fail to realise enormous profit; the old Dutch currency was redeemed at only 36p. cent. of its face value in 1825; the courts of heemraden and landrost were abolished in 1827 ; the use of the English language was made compulsory in the courts and public offices ; the long-established system of land tenure was swept away in 1813 ; and, to cap the climax, an abrupt emancipation of the slaves,—without suitable provision for them or adequate recompense to their whilom masters,—cast thousands of the former forth upon the land, too often only to rob and murder, and ruined hundreds of the latter. The effect of all this cumulative provocation upon men, descendants of those who had defied the tyrannical attempts of Philip II and Louis XIV, or heroically resisted the French Huguenot persecutions subsequent to St. Bartholomew's saturnalia of blood; may be faintly imagined. The wonder lies; in reflecting upon

their ultimate exodus from their rightful territories—in the fact that they bore so long and patiently what would have caused many an outbreak if it had been perpetrated in England.

See THEAL, ("Hist. of the Boers,"); CLARKE, ("The Transvaal" 1849); CLOETE, ("The Story of the Great Boer Trek,"); BRYCE, ("The Story of South Africa"); PIETER SMIT, ("Petition to Sir Galbraith L. Cole," Feb. 21st 1829); and numerous documents and records preserved in the Colony Archives.

Pg. 4. Line 17.

"IN EIGHTEEN-SIXTEEN, A REBELLION WAS QUELLED."

Yes! quelled like those in Ireland and India—by the exhibition of needless barbarity—by the exercise of relentless severity: as admitted by all the English writers chronicling the shocking occurrence forever blackening the name of Governor Charles Somerset.

When the Boer BEZUIDENHOUT, died fighting alone against a detachment of troops; sent to arrest him for beating a native in 1815: his neighbors rose in arms to defend what they believed to be right. But they were defeated, pursued into Kaffirland, whither, (determined not to submit to the old despotism), they had fled for refuge; overtaken and hopelessly entrapped in a gloomy defile, made prisoners, and six leaders—five, martyrs, if ever martyrs were—speedily sentenced to death, taken to the military post on the farm of Van Aadt, (or Aardt), where they had formerly sworn the oath of rebellion, and there surrounded by 300 soldiers having several field-pieces, all, but one, hanged. Four of the ropes parted, the spectators cried out for a pardon—alas! mercy there was none: new ropes were adjusted, and the tragedy consummated; the wives and children of the victims, and some of their comrades thirty-two in number, being forced to behold the revolting proceedings by command of the hard-hearted Somerset; who afterwards banished or imprisoned many of them.

The sufferers met their fate with unfaltering heroism; a hymn rising in solemn strains from their dying lips;—their names: Stephanus and Abraham Botma, Hendrik Prinsloo, Thennis De Kleck, and Cornelis Taber; should be treasured in memory by all true lovers of freedom, and publicly honored like those of the gallant Swiss who died at Nafels, April 9th, 1388.

The beam and pieces of the ropes with which these men were murdered, are still preserved by their venerating countrymen, as memorials of SLACHTER'S NEK, (Butcher's Ridge),

"May none those marks efface; for they appeal
From tyranny to God!"

Pg. 4, Line 22.

"LIKE THE GIFTED GIRONDE,"

It was the last day of October 1793; and four tumbrils, laden with the most virtuous and enlightened members of the French Convention, had rattled their deathward way through the delerious multitudes, swarming and roaring in ferocious exultation, in the narrow Parisian streets; and deposited their doomed occupants at the foot of the terrible, reeking, guillotine.

These were the GIRONDISTS; intelligent, humane, deprecating massacre, inspired with lofty planning for their dear Republic's future; they had dared to oppose such men as Danton, Robespierre, and Marat; they had attempted to balk the mad designs of an unreasoning mob, intox-

...ated by too copious draughts from the cup of Liberty after a fearfully enforced abstinence of centuries dating from the time of the Jacquerie;—they had attempted to direct the path of an avalanche more fatal than that of the Cardinell: and they were whelmed by it to a death that was immortality.

Firm and distinct, amid an appalling clamor, rose the voices of these twenty one calm, brave, enthusiasts; singing in unison a paraphrase of the fiery verses of the glorious "Marseillaise;" that hymn which was yet to lead the sons of Gallia on to victory over the combined and veteran armies of all imperial Europe), but fainter and fainter fell the defiant notes upon unpitying ears, as, one by one, the singers passed beneath the descending knife of the swift but awful engine, till they sank into silence forever. Sillery with his white and flowing hair; Sillery, who composed in prison the prophetic dirge, concluding thus:

"But should the murderer's arm prevail;
Should tyranny our lives assail;
Unmoved, triumphant, scorning death,
We'll bless thee with our latest breath.
The hour, the glorious hour, will come
That consecrates the patriot's tomb."

Sillery, the noble and the good, bowing calmly to the people, was the first to die; rapid was the work of Sanson—in thirty two minutes after, the upright, thoughtful Brissot; the lofty Gensonne; the pious La Source; the talented Ducos; and the eloquent Vergniaud—Vergniaud whose Chrysostom tongue drew tears from his terrible judges of the preceding night ere it was rudely silenced—with the rest, had passed into the fathomless obscurity that shrouds the secrets of the grave. France, in a supreme frenzy, had annihilated all that was virturous and just at the helm of her ship of state; at the minatory mandates of imperious Destiny she had dashed aside, at least temporarily, tools tracing lines of delicate and aesthetic gravure, for coarser instruments cutting with a depth and roughness that elaborated effects as ultimately grand as primarily, they were appalling. Aristocracy was to be humbled and crushed with resistless rigor, approaching extermination: a blighting and blinding clergy was to be hurled from its mind-enslaving supremacy; and royalty all over Europe shaken on its throne and abated in its arrogance, by the COMMON PEOPLE, so long abused, so long despised, raising the hideous death's-head standard TERROR over the corses of the resisting and the reluctant, and rushing on to float the tri-color above nearly every hostile capitol. The Girondists—merciful—idealistic—centuries advanced in thought beyond the age—were incapable of this horrifying sacrifice to PROGRESS, so they were swept instantly from power; as any intellectual moderates would be today, who might attempt to direct a revolution of our own misgoverned citizens during the first transports and terrors attendant upon their liberation.

Pg. 5. Line 21.

"ENFRANCHISED THE SLAVE."

When England first permanently seized the Cape, her officials are alleged to have guaranteed the continuance of slavery as an institution sanctioned by law in the new "Colony."

Be this as it may, it is certain that both the practice and traffic were connived at, and the latter monopolized by, the British. (See records in the Colonial Archives, during 1806 and 1807).

There were nearly 36,000 slaves: whose value, individually, often rose as high as from £400 to

£600 : these were appraised at only £85 apiece—£3,000,000 in the aggregate. But when the hasty emancipation was begun in 1833, it was found that (owing to insufficient appropriation by the Parliament), the Cape would receive but £1,200,000 of the total grant, or about £85 per slave!

And this inadequate sum was paid in BONDS which could be cashed at par value, only in far away London! Ruin to hundreds resulted; some, who had mortgaged their slaves prior to the Act being forced to part with their farms; (CLOETE, FLEMING.); others raising money on the certificates from deceiving speculators at even 30 p. cent. discount: (THEAL.); and some never receiving any of the bonds! (KING, "Jameson's Raid." 1896.) Discontent rose high among the impoverished farmers, whose lands were now over-run with thieving vagrants, and prepared the way for what might have been averted had the process of emancipation been gradually carried on and the compensation (?) of the masters effected with ordinary attention to the requirements of common business honesty.

Pg. 6. Line 6.

"AND SOUGHT IN THE WILDS A NEW DWELLING-PLACE."

Ten thousand brave, all-sacrificing people.—more evilly treated than the Puritan Pilgrims of former days: infinitely more tolerant and humane than those bigoted and persecuting refugees from misrule:—severed the ties that bound them to a misentitled "civilization;" and wended their toilsome way, beset with danger, suffering, and death; to found an ideal commonwealth of their own. This was the GREAT TREK of 1836—it was astonishing—it was grand! How many of my dollar-enslaved countrymen of today could imitate it: nay, even appreciate its lofty motives and its almost unparalleled self sacrifice?

Pg. 6. Lines 13 and 14.

"CHAKA." "DINGAN."

Chaka, or Tchaka, the Caesar, and at the same time the Carrier, of the Kaffirs; was one of the most remarkable and sanguinary despots that ever ruled a people. Originally only chief of the Amazulu; he elevated that small tribe from a state of insignificance to a position of unopposable predominance. He formed the warriors into regiments; taught them the most vital elements of martial discipline; and accustomed them to rush concertedly in compact mass on upon their foes, which no Kaffir had dreamed of doing, before. Slavery, torture and death attended his victorious arms. Dreading a successor, any of his scores of wives who evinced tokens of approaching maternity, were put to death on trifling pretexts concealing the real object in view: even this most absolute of monarchs being necessitated to outwardly appear to consult the wishes of his people. He did not long survive the murder of his mother. Mmandé, which he caused, and at and after whose interment there reigned a carnival of slaughter rivalling the atrocities perpetrated by M'tesa of Uganda and the "customs" of Gelele of Dahomey: solely intended to divert suspicion from himself. Ten girls were buried alive in her grave—five thousand people slain at it whose tears failed—tribes exterminated for being absent!

Dingan and Umhlangenie, his brothers, treacherously slew him during a council; the former placated the soldiery, usurped the throne, and ruled as bloodily as Chaka until the Boers shattered his power and he took refuge among the Asuasuree in 1840, who put him to death.

Pg. 6. Line 17.

"Who, in Retief's leadership placing their trust."

Pieter Retief was a vine-dresser in Paarl District, Cape Colony; but abandoned this industry for the roving life of a frontier trader. After making and losing a fortune as contractor, he was appointed frontier-commandant in 1834, but so ably did he repress the Kaffirs and defend the colonists against them and the vagrants that Stockenstrom quarreled with him, and the high-spirited man sold his property, and cast in his lot with that of the emigrants beyond the river Vaal; who made him their Commandant-General. The melancholy end of this daring, conscientious, and well-loved leader will be related in another of these notes.

Pg. 6. Line 23.

"The powder and guns of the first Boer bands."

Incredible as this act of cruel heartlessness, emanating from the Cape Government, may appear; it is incontrovertibly true. But many merciful English officers evaded strict compliance with orders whose rigid enforcement would have been equivalent to handing over the unfortunate emigrants bound hand and foot, to the savages the authorities pretended to be so desirous of protecting. These conveyed warning of their purpose to, or were remiss in their search of, the Boer pioneers; so much ammunition, etc. was secreted. Yet the order limited their supply so seriously that Jan van Rensburg's little company perished; men, women, children,—all;—by famine and massacre! And subsequent parties also suffered horribly.

Pg. 7. Lines 9 and 10.

"And swiftly the death-fire flew, from the slopes of Vecht Kop,"

The fierce Moselekatze, or Matzuie-Katze, ruled over the Zulûs called Matabeles then dwelling far north of the Vaal. A graphic pen-picture is drawn of this chieftain by Cornwallis-Harris, ("Narr. of an Exped. into S. Africa," 1838.), who also described one of the camps of the emigrant Boers. Suspicious of the white men's intentions, his warriors suddenly swept down on their advancing van and butchered firsrt 28, and then 25, of both sexes and all ages.

Other Boers, warned by survivors, resisted successfully; Moselekatze sent a great army composed of the martial flower of Amatabele, to destroy them: but the desperate farmers, assisted by their wives and children, (for there were only 38 available men!), formed a strong laager on Vecht Kop in the Orange Free State, and defended this camp with such puissant valor that, although it was repeatedly set on fire in places and once nearly carried by assault; the ferocious assailants were finally repulsed; the Boers losing only eight killed and wounded.

Pg. 7. Line 11.

"Like the flesh-searing rain."

That which dropped on the forlorn and naked of the seventh circle. "On whose area wide of arid sand and thick * * * fell slowly wafting down, dilated flakes of fire." Dante, ("Divine Comedy—Inferno," Cary's tr. canto xiv. lines 13, 14, 25 and 26.).

It was a favorite device, originated by the Kaffir soldiers, to bind blazing brands to the shafts of their "throwing-spears" and literally shower them down; thus converted into incendiary missiles, upon their enemy's kraal, (village), or laager, (camp).

Pg. 7, Line 12.

"DARK AS TRINIDAD'S LAKE."

The great pitch lake near the village of La Brea, Island of Trinidad; whose waters, 3 miles in circumference, are deeply covered with asphalt arising from bituminous coal. This substance is black with brown, red and grey tints, and nearly boils at the centre of the lake.

Pg. 8. Line 4.

"AND FOUR SCORE OF BOERS WITH BRAVE RETIEF FELL."

Retief had received assurances from Dingan, that, as soon as he recovered some cattle taken from him by Sikonyella, a Mantatee chief; a grant of certain unoccupied lands would be conferred upon the Boers. Retief accomplished this without bloodshed, and after his return, despite the warnings of his friends, set out in an evil hour for Dingan's capital; where he arrived on Feb 2nd. 1839, attended by 70 or 80 Boers and 30 servants, having the restored cattle.

Dingan feasted him, signed an agreement ceding the wished for territory forever, and as he was about to depart, invited him to re-enter the isi-bava (central enclosure), of the great military kraal. Unsuspectingly, Retief and his men piled their muskets outside, in conformance with Zulu etiquette; and went in. But while they sat in pleasant converse—parting-cups of maize-beer raised to their lips—loud thundered the voice of the terrible Zulu: "Slay the wizards!" And there pressed around the doomed ones, 4000 of the willing warriors, whose fatal kerries struck down the victims at first like oxen in the shambles. Back to back, armed only with clasp-knives, the Boers sent many of the foremost in that crushing circle to their last account, ere they, too, followed their gallant commander to the grave. Food for the wolf and bird of prey, their bodies were thrown on a small hill outside the kraal, devoted to the remains of criminals; where, ten months later, Pretorius found them, a horrible pile of battered skeletons one of which was identified as that of Retief by means of a leathern pouch containing the deed signed by Dingan, still hanging from his neck.

Pg. 8, Line 11.

"THEN DOWN ON THE CAMP OF THE HELPLESS ONES NIGH."

The camp of the emigrants extended far down the Blue Krantz and Klip river valleys: only at a few places, here and there, had any defenses in the shape of tree-branches, stones, grouped wagons, etc. been begun, the young men not with Retief had ridden off to hunt, and the aged and the women and children, lulled by an amazing sense of security, abided, scattered working or resting, their return—an easy prey to the ten Zulu regiments then rushing on from Umkongloof,— red with the recent slaughter,—to destroy them,

Pg. 9, Lines 15 to 22.

"FOR THE WAR-AXES CRUSHED THE FRAIL SKULL OF THE CHILD," etc.

The Kaffiir—good-humored, kind-hearted, hospitable to the extreme in times of peace—is so affrightingly transformed during warfare as to become a facinorous demon; a Moloch unsated by prolonged and multiplying agony and slaughter. What horrors those little children and helpless women were forced to see and suffer, passes both imagination and description!

Ravished, eviscerated, excoriated, dismembered, alive—flayed with assegai blade and perforated again and again by them in non-vital places to prolong in an expansive death torments—seared and charred and broiled by fire—all this and more did these victims of the barbarous, inhuman policy of the Cape authorities exhibit to the pitying eyes of their avenging countrymen and kin as the latter entered those veritable vales of death. They found Marguerita Van Voort pinned naked to the ground by assegai-heads thrust deeply into the soil through her wide-extended hands and feet: her nose ears and breasts pared off close to her head or body; and her exenterated abdomen displaying in its blackened cavity the cold remnants of what had once been glowing embers:—they removed the skeleton of an unknown young girl, partially denuded of all flesh, from a broken ant-hill; she had been stripped, pegged down on her back upon the nest by spear points in the same cruel manner before mentioned, and left to perish lingeringly, excruciatingly, in worse than fiery torment, by the bites of the enraged insects that at once began to crawl over and sting her and gradually burrow into her body; her first frenzied writhings doubtless affording infernal mirth to the gloating torturers ere they sought fresh victims for newer forms of procrastinated death:—and they lifted out little Catherina Prinsloo from a dreadful heap of mangled and blood-crusted corpses, living and yet to live, though perforated with twenty-one ghastly assegai wounds!

It is for no idle purpose that I shock the reader by the recital of a few instances of such of these enormities as decency permits to be named,—but to convey to his mind a feeble impression of what a persecuted people were forced to undergo through the unjustifyable harshness of the same "civilized" government that shortly afterwards drove them from these new lands, won at the cost of so much sacrifice and suffering, and is now for the third time pursuing them with pitiless and contemptible malice accentuated by that basest of motives: GREED.

And, furthermore, to awaken his indignation and then direct its flow against the true cause of all the misery befalling the Boers: the British Government; by also directing his attention to the fact that, as that power unrighteously seized Cape Colony in the beginning—forced many of its inhabitants into exile—followed these even beyond the waters of the Orange to deprive them of servants, pretended to have been really slaves, and of their arms, their only means of defense and subsistence—and stirred up the natives against them, (even as they did the wild Indians in our Revolution)—the British Government and that alone must be viewed as the principal in all these and ensuing horrors and the Kaffirs simply regarded as either inevitably concomitants upon its measures, or else as ACTUAL AGENTS.

Pg. 9, Lines 15 and 19.

"WAR-AXES" * * * "ASSEGAI."

War-axes were used by some of the Kaffirs north of the Drakensberg mountains, pressed into Dingan's service—they did not form part of the arms of the true Amazulu.

The assegai was the principal weapon of most of the tribes: this was a kind of spear, or light javelin, composed of a slight-looking, gradually tapering shaft formed from the elastic wood of the Curtisia-tree, and a blade-shaped iron head; convex on one side of a raised central ridge and concave on the other—serving to communicate a rotatory motion to it during its flight.

Sometimes it was barbed, but not very often;—and occasionally the elaborately-fashioned

blade was replaced by a mere spike. Thongs of raw hide, originally wetted, were used to firmly bind the head to the shaft. In the act of throwing this weapon, the Kaffir springs rapidly from side to side, and imparts to it a peculiar quivering motion at the moment of its departure accompanied by a strange menacing hum ; both of which it retains during its undulating, serpent-like, bewildering flight. The stabbing-assagai is shorter and heavier and has a bayonet-shaped blade. LE VALLIANT, BARROW, FLEMING.

Pg. 9, Lines 25 and 26

"THE NORTHERN-LAND LEMMINGS" * * * "NORGE"

The lemming (Myodes lemmus, or Georychus novegicus), a short-tailed, mouse-like, terribly destructive little animal ; swift and absolutely void of fear ; over-runs Lapland and Scandinavia at uncertain intervals of time, generally once or twice in twenty years, migrating either towards the Atlantic or the Gulf of Bothnia. Neither fire or water bars its progress and it attacks whatever living it may meet. BUFFON. BIGLAND. WOOD. ("Natural Histories").

Norge, (pronounced nor gay), is Norwegian for Norway.

Pg. 10, Line 1.

"THE WARRIORS OF KOSA AND ZULU AND PONDA."

Although, for the most part, formed of Amazulu, yet the Kaffir armies contained many warriors of other tribes forced into servitude, or else absorbed by the former nation's conquests.

Pg. 10, Line 6.

"PRETORIUS."

Andries Pretorius had been a very popular Field-Cornet in Graaf-Reinet district, Cape Colony, and had recently joined the emigrants ; who now gave him chief command.

Pg. 10, Lines 10 and 11.

"IMPIS OF DINGAN." * * * "BROAD WAR SHIELDS EXPAND."

An impi, or regiment, consisting of from 600 to 1000 men, was indicated by the black and red spots displayed on the broad white surfaces of their tall, strong, shields of hide

As many as thirty six impis were, at the zenith of Amazulu power ; kept ready for war.

Pg. 10, Line 16.

"DEATH BIDING FOR EITHER WHO YIELDED THAT PLAIN."

Zulu soldiers returning unsuccessful from battle were certain to meet death or decimation according to the sanguinary precedent set by Chaka. And the Boers knew that failure to win that strife meant future massacre to themselves and all dear to them, by the victors.

Pg. 10, Lines 18 and 21.

"'ELEPHANT KING.'" * * * "ZINGANS."

"Elephant King" is an isa-bonga, (praise-name) : it is assumed by, or given to, a Kaffir on occasion. Zingan, or Zingian, is a name applied to all the tribes occupying the territory lying

betweenthe Drakensburg mountains and the sea.

Dingan's army left from 3000 to 5000 dead and wounded on the field : many Boers declare that the battle continued three days. It terminated on Dec. 16, 1838; the anniversary of this victory is celebrated to this day at Paardekraal.

Pg. 11, Lines 22 and 23.

" NAPIER. " * * * " PRINSLOO. "

George Napier, governor of Cape Colony, wrongfully laid claim to Natalia on the pretext that it was originally included in the land acquired by England at the " cession " of the Cape : and also to preserve peace in South Africa, which his own countrymen had repeatedly sprinkled with the blood of its natives, whom they affected to protect when the latter did not immediately stand in the way of their ambitious projects. Yet, in 1840, this man had left Natal to the Boers, writing a fine moral missive to their Landrost which concluded with his " sincerely hoping " that they might cultivate those beautiful regions they had made their own, in peace and tranquillity! (See CLOETE'S " Gr. Boer Trek. ") The brave, rugged, honest Goy. PRINSLOO'S first notification of this villany, was the advent of a well-appointed detachment of troops under Major-General Smith : he remonstrated in vain : so uttering the memorable words given in the poem, he awaited the onslaught of the foe. Attempting to surprise the Boer lager near the Congella river, a swift Natal stream ; Smith was defeated, losing many men, (mostly drowned in their precipitate flight), and all his cannon ! He was thereupon closely besieged in Durban, but large reinforcements arrived and British agents caused the Kaffirs, always delighting in war, to fall upon the frontier farms: thus relieving Smith, who had been dieting economically upon horseflesh : for the Boers hastened to save such of the women and children there as had not already been outraged or murdered. Thus the English forced them to submit !

Some began to leave Natal at once : others, finding the rigor of British rule increase—for many farms were confiscated because not immediately occupied, houses were arbitrarily entered and searched, a petitioner sent to the Cape ignored, and a reward of £1000 offered for their former leader dead or alive—soon followed them and Smith said that the misery he then beheld, exceeded any he had ever seen before. And all this after England had solemnly assured RETIEF she would not interfere with the Boers in future, on their quitting Cape Colony ! She began to fear the effect of the proximity of a flourishing FREE REPUBLIC.

Pg. 12, Lines 3, 4 and 5.

" KOEFED. " " D'ELBEE. " " MARVELL. "

Jens Koefed, a brave, upright and sagacious inhabitant of the mountainous Danish island of Bornholm, (in the Baltic), assembled five resolute men and surprised the commander of the Swedish forces then subjecting the country, at Roenne—rode, like Paul Revere, from village to village rousing the people—captured Hammershuus—was made general-in-chief—and freed the island from the yoke of the invaders.

D'Elbee, a Vendean gentleman then about 40 ; joined the peasant-army in 1793 ; defeated the republican Berruyer at Chenille—was made commander on the death of Cathelineau—and, shot in the breast during the terrible slaughter at Chollet, was left during the passage of the Loire.

Taken prisoner, shortly afterwards, and laden with insult while tortured by his wound; he endured it all calmly for five days, then almost expiring, he exclaimed "Gentlemen, it is time to conclude, let me die!" They placed him in a chair by the shore, and shot him.

Though a trifle pedantic, he was a very virtuous, able, courageous, learned and pious man.

Andrew Marvell, M. P.—satirist of Charles II—friend of liberty—was born at Winestead, in Yorkshire, England, in 1621. He stood for the best interests of his country, though his life was frequently threatened: and he unhesitatingly rejected a place at court and also an offer of £1300, from Lord Danby, intended to purchase his silence, although he was in such want as to be obliged, immediately afterwards, to send out from his obscure and cheerless lodgings to try to borrow a guinea. Well did he deserve to be called "the British Aristides!"

It is delightful to be enabled to resurrect the nearly forgotten names of such noble and consistent men from the grave of years of oblivion, and mirror forth the deeds that haloed them of yore, for shining and emulative example to the beings of today.

Pg. 13, Line 4.

"The Free State was annexed."

Another gross violation of Great Britain's oft re-iterated promises that she would not disturb the settlers north of the Colony. The Boers residing near the Orange River, resisted English authority after the conquest of Natal, and were defeated at the hard-fought battle of Boomplaats, . Many then trekked north, where the Portuguese, kinder than the British, had given land to the refugees from Natal. A reaction occurred in England, resulting in the recognition of these Boers north of the Vaal river, as independent, a convention signed by Commissioners Owens and Hogg, also declaring that "England will not make any extension of territory beyond that boundary." (Jan. 16, 1852). And in another act of justice, on Feb, 4, 1854, when, at Zand river, Russell Clerk restored the freedom of the Orange River Boers, lost at Boomplaats, 1849.

Whatever motives of Ministerial compunction or diplomatic or financial expediency, induced this sudden restitution, their ascendancy was, unfortunately, of very brief duration.

Pg. 13, Line 7.

"Like the strong, sucker-branched, Devil Tree."

The weird and leafless tree, fabled to stand in the great amphitheatre of the evil Black Priesthood of the wonderful golden city of Manoa, high-reared on mysterious Roraima. (Guiana).

"The branches which were many—a hundred or more probably—drooped over from where the trunk ended and trailed about the ground." * * * "its never ceasing movements suggestive of everlasting hunting after prey, of an insatiable craving for its hateful diet of flesh and blood, of sleepless hunger, of tireless rapacity and relentless cruelty—all these made up an unnatural creation that appalled the instincts and chilled the very blood of those who looked upon it." F. Aubrey, ("The Devil Tree of El Dorado," 1887, pgs. 224 and 248).

Pg. 13, Line 17.

"So the diamonds of Kimberley."

In 1871, in renewed violation of the most positive assurances one nation can give to another, a large piece of territory in which diamonds had been discovered the year before, was torn

from the Free State by Great Britain and formed into a colony entitled Griqua land West.

Some years later a trifling sum was paid to the Boers as indemnity for their losses by this act of infamy ; a payment of thousands where millions were involved and which, while it confessed, only accentuated the wrong done the unoffending Republic.

Pg. 13, Lines 21 and 22, et. seq.

"That failed to defend the Transvaal from seizure"

The South African Republic, or "Transvaal" had been endeavoring to connect itself with Delagoa Bay by rail ; this, and some trouble with the people of Utrecht on the frontier, stirred the wrath of Cetewayo, king of the Zulus, and seconded by a powerful chief named Sekkocoeni he prepared to make a descent with three large native corps.

It is true that the Republic was bankrupt, that her citizens were disarmed, and that there was a minority party favoring annexation amongst them ; but it is, nevertheless, as certain fact that the Boers who, despite continual British and native hostility, had preserved their independence for four decades—unaided—could and would have successfully defended themselves at this crisis ; and that there is nothing to justify the treachery and hypocrisy which now disgraced English procedure. Theophilus Shepstone was hurried to Pretoria from the Cape, as friendly counseller ; there is no doubt, from his extraordinary influence over the Kaffirs, he could have rolled back the tide of invasion THEN, as he easily did subsequently ; but that was not the desire of the Machiavelians who sent him. He paltered—pretended to find anarchy while he artfully fomented discord—and at the juncture he judged favorable : the savages on one side, an accumulating British force, ready to be employed for or against the Boers, (as circumstances might warrant), on the other—he indelibly besmirched the honor of his country and betrayed the confidence many Afrikanders had based upon his previous asseverations, by proclaiming the Transvaal a crown colony ! In vain the burghers protested ; in vain two deputations journeyed to England—the former were unheeded, the latter were denied an audience—and the old aggravating policy of supercilious misgovernment was inaugurated anew.

See THEAL, ("History of the Boers"); NIXON, ("Story of the Transvaal"); CARTER, ("A Narrative of the Boer war"); and COLENSO, ("Natal letters"): I have corresponded with Englishmen and Boers familiar with the above-mentioned occurences and have carefully read the contemporaneous British "Blue Books," in my search for truth.

Pg. 14, Line 6.

"Till a Boer was maltreated within Potchefstroom."

A Boer, named BEZUIDENHOUT, of the Potchefstroom District—(along the Mooi river, towards the S. W. of the Transvaal)—refused to pay the Government quit-rent taxes, which the usurpers of his country had imposed on the burghers without caring to obtain the sanction of the Volksraad. His wagon was seized, (after he had been roughly handled), and offered for sale in the market-place of the town, when its indignant owner appeared with a few determined friends and carried it off. Constables were despatched to enforce the claims of the Revenue Commissioner, but Bezuidenhout had many supporters by that time and they precipitately

took to flight. Troops were telegraphed for; meanwhile the Boers were meeting at Paardekraal and electing a government, and proclaiming their independence; Dec. 8th to 13th, 1880.

The ensuing war proved disastrous to the British, who were ambushed at Bronkhurst Spruit, (Dec. 20th), repulsed at Laings Nek, (Jan. 28th), and at Ingogo, (Feb. 7th), and completely defeated by a far inferior force under NIKOLAS SMIT at MAJUBA HILL, Feb. 27, where less than 200 Boers stormed the British position, killed Gen. Colley, the commander-in-chief, and nearly 102 men, and drove those not taken prisoners, in utter confusion from the mountain top.

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Directly after their defeat at Majuba, the English made peace with the Boers and re-affirmed the Zand River Convention. A truly great man, (GLADSTONE), then directed Britain's affairs: a Minister whose generous cosmopolitanism and ardent zeal for his country's most enduring glory, prevailed over the base instincts of racial, factional, and personal ambition—He recognized the full extent of the wrong that had been done and strove to repair that wrong as far as in his power lay. The Pretoria Convention of Aug. 1881 specified British suzerainty over an otherwise autonomous people, but this unwarrantable and unrighteous clause was omitted from the subsequent Convention of London signed in Feb. 1884; the complete independence of the Boer Republic being thus tacitly admitted.

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Had the former liberal franchise remained in force, the malcontent British, (and it was from Britons most of the clamor arose), would have outvoted the republicans in their own Volksraad and handed the country over to England.

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"THIS MAN, (CECIL RHODES,) INSTIGATED A RAID."

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The REform Commitee, however, armed and began fortifying. But all their hopes were utterly destroyed by the disaster that befel the incautious Jameson, who—first repulsed in a skir-

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Who of his Nation loves to be the first
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("Discourse on the Govt. of O. Cromwell," Works, 8th ed. 1693, pg. 59).

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In 1883 he married one of those rich women of the United States always content to sacrifice

Republican principles and privileges for the shining gauds of social—aristocratic—distinction. He is now Colonial Secretary, and a rabid imperialist—a determined persecutor of the Boers; whom he has, as occasion required, alternately lauded and decried. This woful lack of consistency and of regard for the truth, together with his uncontrolable ambition, constitute his evil features. In many other respects he is an extraordinary person, as evinced by his rapid acquirement and firm retention of no inconsiderable power. And having dwelt upon his glaring demerits, it would be manifestly unjust to omit mention of some of his commendable qualities; which are patent to all when it is said that he is a good husband, a faithful friend, a brilliant orator, and a politician practically incorruptible.

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"DURING PARLEYS FOR PEACE."

The High Commissioner, Alfred Milner at a conference held in June, 1899, declared that England would be satisfied if the S. A. Republic granted a five years franchise to the Uitlanders; he had, however no right,—according to the terms of the London Convention, to propose this, or intefere at all. On Aug. 19th, the Republic conceded what had thus been illegally required of it and desired that arbitrators be appointed as soon as the franchise became operative.

Chamberlain rejected BOTH the concession and request! For nearly a year troops had occupied positions along the Transvaal borderland to overawe its people; now Chamberlain began to mass them there, and on Sept. 19th, Milner telegraphed to Pres. Stein, (or Steyn), of the Orange Free State, that a portion, or all, of a detachment from the Cape, would be posted

took to flight. Troops were telegraphed for; meanwhile the Boers were meeting at Paardekraal and electing a government, and proclaiming their independence; Dec. 8th to 13th, 1880.

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"LIKE THE WAYFARER HOUSED BY THE SATYR OF OLD,"

The Satyr in Esop's, (or Æsop's), Fables, who drew the dhilled Traveller into his cavern from the wind and snow; and, horrified when his guest first blew on his hands to warm them and afterwards on the hot wine prepared for him to cool it; indignantly expelled him. The application warns us that, unless the tenor of a man's life be always true and consistent with itself, the less one has to do with him the better. (Fabie lxxiv. Croxall's ed. pgs. 153 and 154).

Pg. 17, Line 19.

"DURING PARLEYS FOR PEACE."

The High Commissioner, Alfred Milner at a conference held in June, 1899, declared that England would be satisfied if the S. A. Republic granted a five years franchise to the Uitlanders; he had, however no right,—according to the terms of the London Convention, to propose this, or intefere at all. On Aug. 19th, the Republic conceded what had thus been illegally required of it and desired that arbitrators be appointed as soon as the franchise became operative.

Chamberlain rejected BOTH the concession and request! For nearly a year troops had occupied positions along the Transvaal borderland to overawe its people: now Chamberlain began to mass them there, and on Sept. 19th, Milner telegraphed to Pres. Stein, (or Steyn), of the Orange Free State, that a portion, or all, of a detachment from the Cape, would be posted

on that country's frontier "to keep open communications!" Pres. Stein replied that his burghers would regard such action as a menace, and on Oct. 1st, sent soldiers to his own side of the border. The S. A. Republic had previously done likewise; and, on Oct. 9th, demanded the withdrawal of England's rapidly increasing armament, which now had become so formidable as to no longer leave Chamberlain's intentions in the slightest doubt, and again asked for ARBITRATION—to which no answer was returned! War HAD BEGUN when the armies of England encamped near the two Republics; it was formally declared on the 11th of the present month, by the Transvaal President. Mark Chamberlain's subsequent utterance of the 19th: "The Transvaal and Free State have an ideal which is dangerous to Great Britain." !!

Pg. 18, Line 20.

"THE PLEA THAT DECEIVES."

[illegible]IVILIZATION of the world! England has not determinedly bent advancement in lands under her rule or "protection;" as, for the slave markets of Zanzibar and Pengu,—prevention of famines [illegible]hment of the notorious traffic in girls, prevalent in Afghanistan,— [illegible]revolting Whitechapel slums,—etc. But she is forceful and jav- [illegible]ISH [illegible] when her self-styled advancement of progress presents a prospect of COLONIAL EXPANSION. Chamberlain's first plea for interference was "Uitlander rights;" now his excuse is that "Great Britain must be paramount in South Africa!"

Pg. 19, Line 6.

"AND,—LIKE BRENNUS THE GAUL'S,—"

Brennus, about 390 B. C., had led his 70,000 furious Senones from the icy regions of the Baltic to the sunny plains of glowing Italy, and hurled them upon Rome; whose defenders, routed on the banks of the Allia, had sought hasty refuge within the Capitol. The Gaulish king swept city and suburbs with sword and fire, and besieged the Romans for six months, when—starvation lowering the spirits of both contestants—peace was proposed. The Romans agreed to pay a thousand weight of gold; the metal was procured and was being weighed, when the Gauls kicked and overturned the beam. Brennus replied to the remonstrances of the men of Rome by casting his sword and belt into the scale, and declared the action signified "Woe to the conquered." Much enraged, the Romans began disputing, when suddenly, Camillus whom they had lately exiled, appeared, leading a numerous army, removed the treasure, and admonished the discomfited barbarians "that it was the custom of the Romans to ransom their country not with gold, but with iron." Subsequently the armies engaged, and the Gauls were nearly annihilated. See PLUTARCH, ("Lives, Camillus," Tonson's 1727 ed. vol. ii, pg. 99), also ARNOLD, ("History of Rome"), It is also affirmed he threw in the sword to augment the ransom, which POLYBIUS, ["Pragmateia, (Hist. of Rome,)" Bekker, 1844]; rejecting the advent of Camillus, says he effected a safe departure with.

Pg. 19, Line 10.

"AS FALKENSTEIN'S COUNT'S RAN CHANGED INTO SAND."

A legend of the Castle of Falkenstein, Germany. ("Leg. of the Hartz Mts: The Cave of the

Golden Treasure. " iii, 1872). Tidian, shepherd of the Count of Falkenstein, loved Elsbeth Brusch, whose father, a well-to-do farmer, insolently refused to permit him to marry her, until " he could show a pocket full of gold ; " of which—the young man being very poor and honest, there appeared to be, in those times, very little likelihood. But, one evening, a beautiful flower, " glowing with a clear, cold, brightness " that encircled it with lovely hues of blue, orange and rose ; met his eyes, and he was about to gather it for Elsbeth, when a sweet little voice issued from it, crying " Oh ! pray do not hurt me, my good friend ! " He forbore ; a tiny Elf disengaged himself from the beauteous fl er, and grateful for the kindness Tidian had shown him, gave him a floral guide to a caverr ed with light and music and—heaped with golden treasures ! He was bidden to help i self, but never disclose the source from which this abundance flowed, else misfortunes would surely fall heavily upon him.

He married Elsbeth, bought his freedom, and prospered for awhile ; but the Cou suspicious of his former serf and having received a bracelet of gold from him on h of a young lady, and learning of large sales of precious metal made by the impru man ; he had Tidian conveyed to his castle and confronted with a dungeon and tor

Tidian revealed the secret, upon which they sh.red the treasure for awhile, but th nobleman resolved to possess the whole, stabbed Tidian, deprived him of speech ar hurled him on some rocks, to eventually breathe his last in the arms of Elf-guided

Falkenstein proceeded to the cave—it was dark and still ; he had filled a sack, when it lightened in his grasp, and forth flowed yellow sand, while a voice cried :

" Begone, thou cruel murderer, Withdraw thy blood-stained hand.
In vain thou seekest treasure, Thou shalt only grasp the sand ! "

Furious, he snatched at bars of gold, they crumbled to worthless grains at his touch ;—he hurried to his castle, the riches in its treasury changed in his hands to sand ; which flowed, as he fled shrieking, from room to room—hemmed him in—rose around him—rolled over him—stifled his breathing with its yellow tide ;—and the poor shepherd was avenged !

Pg. 19, Line 21.

" For when England reflects on the warfare of shame. "

This war gives ample promise of being prolonged and bitter ; already the Boers.—brave, steadfast men whose courage has been shamefully underated.—have given most significant proofs of their true mettle at the battles of Talana Hill (Oct. 20), Elandslaagie, (21st), Dundee, (22nd), and Rietfontein, (24th).

I have much confidence in the outcome of the final decision of the English People concerning this conflict ; they are, in the main, reasonable and just, and—though at present inveigled into apparent sanction of their Government's inexcusable policy by cunning politicians and machinating financiers—A reaction will surely, sooner or later, ensue.

And if this little work conduces, even in the smallest degree, towards that virturous reaction by tending to enlighten them and the world as to the full extent of the enormities perpetrated upon a freedom-loving people ; its author will not regret the labor expended on it.

The End.

At a meeting of Friends in one of the country towns of England, the case of a man who had suffered a severe loss of worldly possessions through no fault of his own, was presented for relief. Many eloquent expressions of sympathy, ending with "I feel for him," had been made. At last, an old Friend rose and said: "I feel £10 for him, how much dost thee feel?"

A new "feeling" pervaded the meeting and restored the bankrupt to comfort.

APPLICATION.

This was sound, practical, common sense. And as the old Quaker sympathized with him Fortune had despoiled, so should we with the Boers from whom Britain is, a third time, taking their all.

Let money be raised, let volunteers join them; let the voice of the freedom-loving people of this country and England and the world, signify to their Governments that a brave, unoffending people must be protected and preserved from the attacks of lawless Monarchy; and, above all;

Let English goods be boycotted to the fullest extent!

CONSISTENCY!

"To go to war with Pres. Kruger to enforce upon him reforms,—that would be immoral."

CHAMBERLAIN, MAY 8TH, 1899.

DEPRECATING WAR ON THE S. A. REPUBLIC.

"Great Britain must remain the paramount power in South Africa."

CHAMBERLAIN, OCT. 19TH, 1899.

ADVOCATING WAR ON THE S. A. REPUBLIC.

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